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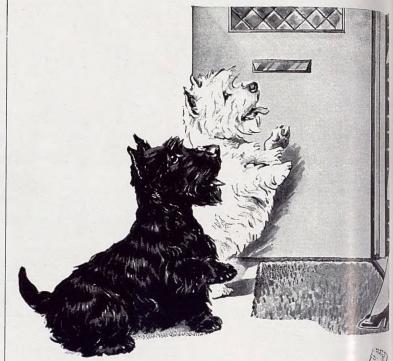
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THE HON. MRS. CAYZER AT HER CHESHIRE HOME

Cord Oranmore and Browne, the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Cayzer is seen in the drawing-room of her home, Park House, Malpas. Married in June, 1952, she and her husband, who is the younger son of Lord Rotherwick, have an eleven-month-old daughter, Linda Kinvara



THE QUEEN and the Duke of Edinburgh received a heart-warming welcome when they visited Masterton, in the Wairarapa district of New Zealand's North Island, before travelling to South Island and later sailing for Australia where they are due to arrive today. Wearing a pink coat with a white plaid design and a tomato-red hat, Her Majesty replied to a loyal address given by the Mayor at a civic reception in the town park

Social Journal

A Bride At St. James's

· Jennifer ·

Palace to be used when Mr. Oliver Millar, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Millar, of Tewes, Little Sampford, Essex, and Deputy Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures, married Miss Delia Dawnay. The bride, who was given away by her father, Lt.-Col. Cuthbert Dawnay, wore a cream and gold brocade dress, with a diamond tiara to hold her Brussels lace veil which also formed a train, while she carried a shower bouquet of white freesias and hyacinths. Her bridesmaids were her youngest sister, Miss Verena Dawnay, and two children, Rosemary Elphinstone and Rosemary Barstow, wearing long pale blue velvet dresses with headdresses of yellow jonquils.

Mrs. Dawnay, in a shot pink and grey brocade dress with a hat to match, received the guests in the State Apartments at St. James's Palace, with Lt.-Col. Dawnay and the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Millar, the latter wearing a blue and grey ensemble. These numbered several hundred—although only a small proportion had been able to attend the service, as the chapel holds less than a hundred—and included colleagues of the bridegroom in the Royal household and many members of the artistic world who are friends of both the bride and bridegroom. The bride shares her husband's interest in pictures and has a knowledge of the history of art, having studied at the Courtauld Institute. It was there that she and the bridegroom first met.

Among the members of the household I saw

Among the members of the household I saw were Sir Norman Gwatkin, who was greeting many friends, and Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick Browning, taking a keen interest in the proceedings as he and his wife will have a wedding in the family shortly when their daughter, Miss Tessa Browning, marries Capt. Peter de Zulueta on March 2. Later I met Col. Mark Milbank, who took over the duties of Master of Her Majesty's Household on the retirement of Sir Piers Legh last month, while Lady Lascelles, whose husband has been a member of the Royal Household for so many years and also retired at the end of last year, was another guest.

The bride's family live at Malton, so it was not surprising to find many friends from Yorkshire at the reception. These included Lord and Lady Derwent, who looked chic in black, Mr. George and Lady Cecilia Howard, and the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwaite with her daughter Imogen. Also the Marquess of Normanby and his charming wife, who were admiring some of the fine pictures in the Royal apartments, and Sir William and Lady Worsley, the latter only just back by air from Canada where she had been for the wedding of their youngest son, Mr. John Worsley, to the Hon. Carolyn Hardinge, in Montreal Cathedral. That service was performed by the Rev. John Dixon, Bishop of Montreal, who married the bride's parents in Ottawa in 1928, when Viscount Hardinge was A.D.C. to the Governor-General. I had a brief talk with Sir Gerald Kelly,

I had a brief talk with Sir Gerald Kelly, President of the Royal Academy, and Lady Kelly; he has been busy arranging details for the Augustus John exhibition which opens there on Saturday, March 13. Freda Countess of Listowel was another guest as were Lady Salisbury-Jones, who only had a matter of yards to walk to either the chapel or reception from the house they have in St. James's Palace, the Viscount and Viscountess of Downe and Mrs. George Gibson, who told me she and her family were hoping to visit St. Moriz during February.



Watching the arrival of their friends from a balcony overlooking the entrance hall were Mr. Martin Heriot, Mrs. Heriot, Mr. David Higham, Miss G. Farmer and Mr. John Wimble. Mr. Wimble and Miss Farmer have recently announced their engagement

A GALLOP WITH

HEN the Southdown held their annual Hunt Ball at the Town Hall, Lewes, the assembled company numbered some four hundred. It was a very gay evening with an excellent buffet supper and champagne bar, a dance programme which included reels and gallops and an early morning breakfast before farewells were said

She was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. H. F. C. Homfray. Miss Attwood, who studied flower decoration at Constance Spry's at the same time the bride's eldest sister, Miss Eve Dawnay, was to at the wedding. These two girls not only the flowers in the chapel, but also made to bride's lovely shower bouquet and the bride ds' headdresses and bouquets.

After the bride and bridegroom had cut their

After the bride and bridegroom had cut their wedder cake the bridegroom's brother, Mr. Luke Mills who was best man, proposed their health bridegroom replied. Later the young couple for their honeymoon in Paris and when they will have a home in London.

*

The control of them are still "finishing" abroad and do not be the presentation parties. One delightful girl I net who makes her début this year was Miss Carina Poyle, accompanied by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Boyle, who will be entertaining for her during the season. Carina has already taken the Cordon Bleu diploma for cooking and is now taking a course in couture.

The Portuguese Ambassador was at the party and brought his two pretty and vivacious daughters, Sen. Madeleine and Sen. Clara Pereira. They told me they will probably return home during May for several dances, and weddings of their friends, but it is to be hoped that they will return to London for June and July as their presence will certainly brighten any party they attend.

ANOTHER guest from overseas was the Austrian Princess Lili Auersberg, over here on a visit, while others I met included Lady Salisbury-Jones, with her daughter Mariette, a Coronation year débutante. Among the young girls enjoying the party were Miss Sue Mitchell, Miss Monica Craven, talking to Mr. George Palmer, Miss Janet Pepper and Miss Rosemany Andrews

Pepper and Miss Rosemary Andrews.

There were plenty of young men at the party, too, and these included Gillian's brother, Nicholas Buckley, who has just finished his National Service with the Life Guards and is now working in the City, the Hon. Nigel Bruce, who is at the Foreign Office, as are Mr. John Taylor and Mr. Timothy White, who were also at the party. Mr. William Wilkinson, who is a cousin of Sylvia-Mary's, had come up from Cambridge for the evening and I also met Mr. Anthony Pilcher, Mr. David Drysdale and Mr. Jock Bruce-Gardyne.

Mr. and Mrs. Haigh were both at this party for



Miss Caroline Bebington-Hill and Mr. Bruce Milne were laughing as they took a turn round the ballroom together



Major Philip Fielden partnered Miss Sara Crawley as the band played the lively Post Horn Gallop



Mrs. Gerald Askew, Mr. Ian Askew, Mrs. Horace Debenham, Mr. T. B. Kerr, honorary secretary of the Hunt, Mrs. Antony Askew, Mrs. Doberer, Mrs. John Burkhardt, Mr. Gerald Askew, who is joint-Master with Major Cyril James, and Mr. John Burkhardt

Social Journal (Contd.)

A "Capacity" First Night

their daughter. Mr. Haigh, head of a department at the Foreign Office, was busy helping hand round the drinks, and Mr. Buckley came in to join his wife and daughter. He was also working for the Foreign Office during the war in Teheran and Bucharest, but is now in the City. Other older guests included Mrs. Buckley's father, Admiral Sir Rudolf Burmester, Mrs. Pilcher and Mr. Jack

Photographs of the party are on page 177.

The Stoll Theatre was filled to capacity on the opening night of the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas, which has a company of fifty. Sitting in the circle were the Marquess of Carisbrooke, Princess Bibesco, Mary Countess Howe and Lady Harvey, who had flown over from the British Embassy in Paris and was escorted at the theatre by the Marquis de Cuevas. They later went on with friends to the supper party given by Mr. Peter Daubeny. Lord Kilmarnock was sitting in the stalls with a big party including Lady Victoria Scott, Ina Lady George Cholmondeley, Lady Hore-Belisha and young Prince Alexander Romanoff. In an interval I met Mr. Reresby Sitwell, also Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henrey, who told me their film star son, Bobby, who is now at boarding school, has grown up a lot and is getting very tall.

The programme opened with *Tertulia*, a ballet

by Ana Ricardo and Irene Lidova, being given for the first time in London, about life backstage in a theatre in Madrid around 1860, with décor and costumes by Capuletti. The ballet *Dona Ines de Castro*, which is also set in Spain, followed, then Rosella Hightower and Serge Golovine gave a fine performance of "Black Swan grand pas-de-deux" from the third act of Swan Lake. This received tremendous applause which the two dancers certainly deserved. The programme, which I found very enjoyable, closed with Prisoner In The Caucasus, a folklore ballet with exceptionally

picturesque costumes.

Sir Nigel and Lady Colman lent their delightful Grosvenor Square flat for a committee meeting to discuss plans for the Winter Ball. Guests, who included many staunch sup-porters of the Conservative Party, were entertained to sherry or cocktails before the serious business

began. Viscount Woolton is President of the Ball with Lady Bennett as Chairman. She received the guests with Lady Colman, the latter charming in a beige brocade dress. Later Lady Bennett opened the meeting with an excellent speech giving details of the ball which is to be held at the Dorchester on February 17 and is sure to be an enjoyable evening. Another speaker was Sir Nigel Colman, the

honorary treasurer.

Viscountess Woolton came to support the meeting, also Mrs. Gammans, Lady Heald, the Hon. Mrs. Gwilym Lloyd-George, wearing a feather-trimmed hat with her black dress, Mrs. John Boyd-Carpenter and Capt. Ronald Bowes-Lyon, R.N., and his charming wife, who like many of the other guests were commenting on the beautiful flowers in the rooms. I saw Lady Maxwell Fyfe having a long talk to Mrs. Gerald Legge, who had been addressing a political meeting that afternoon. She told me she is devoting quite a lot of her time to speaking at such gatherings.

I MET Lady Plender, who is still undergoing treatment on her wrist and ankle as the result of her motor accident last year, also Lady Maclean, wearing evening dress as she was going straight on to dine with friends, and the Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer, who has been very busy moving house. She and her husband, Lord Rotherwick son and heir, have recently bought Bletchingden Park, near Oxford, from Viscount Astor.



The bridegroom's parents, Mrs. and Mr. Geoffrey Mullins, with Mrs. L. A. Sears, the bride's grandmother, and her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Gordon Sears, waited to receive

There is to be no auction or cabaret at the Winter Ball, but there will be a tombola and besides dancing there will be Scottish reels at midnight. Tickets can be obtained from Lady Bennett, 31A Addison Gardens, W.14.

Pictures of the meeting will be found on page 175.

Miss Alison Pease, one of the three pretty daughters of Major and Mrs. Philip Pease, made a lovely bride when she married Mr. Christopher Weatherby at Barnard Castle Parish Church. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. George Holderness.

The bride chose a wedding dress of white and gold brocade and her long white tulle veil was held in place by a diamond and pearl tiara. There were three child bridesmaids, Jillian Hogg and Susan Weatherby, the bridegroom's nieces, with Pamela Howie, all wearing white organza dresses with coral red velvet sashes, wreaths of coral and white flowers in their hair and carrying little white muffs. They were escorted by three pages: the bridegroom's

JOHN HENRY ERLAND were the names JOHN HENRY ERLAND were the names given to the infant son of Mr. R. Erland d'Abo and Lady Ursula d'Abo, of West Wratting Park, Cambridgeshire, when he was christened at West Wratting Parish Church, Cambridgeshire. The picture shows the parents with the baby, and the godparents, the Duchess of Northumberland, Mr. Francis Egerton, M.C. (back left), the Duke of Rutland and Col. Andrew Montagu-Douglas-Scott nephew, Mark Dobson, Nicholas McAndrew and John Cooke-Hurle, in coral velvet jackets with white satin knee breeches.

The three grown-up bridesmaids, the bride's sister, Miss Carol Pease, her cousin, Miss Caroline Judd, and Miss Diana Houldsworth also wore white organza dresses with white sashes lined with coral red, coral and white flowers in their hair and bouquets of the same flowers.

The reception was held at the bride's home, Sledwich, Barnard Castle, where a marquee had been built in the garden, and here, as in the church, truly beautiful flowers had been arranged by the bride's sister, Carol. Major Philip Pease and his wife, who wore a little red velvet hat with her dark green velvet coat, stood receiving the guests for a long time, as so many relations and friends had come to this very happy wedding. Standing with them to receive were the bridegroom's parents, Col. and Mrs. Weatherby, who like the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Spencer Holland, were staying in the house.

Also in the house party were the bride's married sister Mrs. David Wentworth Stanley, with her husband and small son Michael, Miss Diana Houldsworth and Miss Sally Stirling.

Rom Richmond, Yorkshire, came Sir Richard and Lady Pease, who had put up several guests from afar, while others there included Mr. and Mrs. Field, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Judd, Lord and Lady Barnard, Mr. David Weatherby, who was one of the ushers, Capt. James Weatherby, the best man, and his wife, the Hon. Celia Monckton, the Counters of Rockswage, Col. and Mrs. Nigel Countess of Rocksavage, Col. and Mrs. Nigel Weatherall, Sir Richard and Lady Sykes, Mrs. John Combe, whose son Miles was an usher, with the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax, Col. W. Watson and Robin Leslie, whose wife was also at the wedding. Mr. Maurice Pease proposed the health of the young couple to which Mr. Christopher Weatherby replied.

The bride and bridegroom are a very popular young couple and had some really lovely wedding.

presents which were on view at the reception. The bride, who looked radiantly happy, wore a little off-white hat and burgundy red velvet coat when she and her husband left for their honeymoon in

Ireland.

ERBY week looks like being one of the gayest of the social season in London, with the race itself on the first Wednesday in June (June 2), as in prewar days, with the Oaks two days later on Friday. This will give everyone a clear Whitsun weekend as Whit-Sunday follows on June 6.

Two big events have already been arranged to

take place in London that week, firstly the "Derby-Eve Empire Games Ball" which is to take place at the Dorchester on June I, and secondly the "Travellers Club Ball" the following night at their magnificent clubhouse in Pall Mall. I am sure



Among the two hundred guests were Mr. Douglas Young, Mr. Hilary Young, his mother, Mrs. D. Young (Nan Kenway the actress), and Mrs. Iris Brook

that all sportsmen and women who are in London that week will want to attend the Empire Games Ball week his being organized to help raise funds to assist to Council for England in its task of sending a strong team of athletes to represent England in the Ball his Empire and Commonwealth Games which were to be held in Vancouver during the first week! August.

ouncil for England has no government nd is relying solely on the public appeal been launched with a target of forty pounds. Viscount Swinton is president suppo which thous oire and Commonwealth Games Appeals of thi and Earl Beatty the chairman. The apporting it include such well-known as the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of he Earl of Derby, Earl Fortescue, the Com patro sports Norfe alifax, Field-Marshal Earl Alexander of Earl d Willoughby de Broke, Lord Burghley orthur Porritt, Chairman of the British Tunis and Empi d Commonwealth Games Federation.

oped as the result of the ball to raise thousand pounds towards the forty and needed. To help achieve this sum the expenses are being kept as low as possible professional organizer. Field-Marshal tander of Tunis is president with go-ahead aurtis-Bennett as vice-president. Earl Beatty has agreed to be joint chairman with Mrs. S. Pezero, another hard worker and capable organizer.

Earl Alexander and Earl Beatty recently held their first committee meeting in the Peers dining-room of the House of Lords which was attended by the Hon. Sir J. H. Lienhop, Agent-General for Victoria, the Hon. J. A. Dinnett, Agent-General for Western Australia, Lord Rendlesham, whose wife has recently had a son and heir, Sir Arthur Porritt, Capt. Michael Naylor-Leyland, Lady Ashley-Cooper and many more

Cooper and many more.

Tickets for this ball, which promises to be one of the best and gayest of the season, with a good cabaret, can be obtained from Earl Beatty, 95 Mount Street, W.I. It is wise to apply for them early as they are sure to be sold long before June 1.

Street, W.I. It is wise to apply for them early as they are sure to be sold long before June 1. The ball at the Travellers Club will be another enjoyable evening and is to be run on similar lines to the Coronation Ball held there last June. It would be a happy idea if this could become an annual affair on Derby night, just as the Travellers Club in Paris now gives a brilliant ball annually on the eve of the Grand Prix de Paris.

* * *

I was not back from Switzerland in time for the private view of the Pastel Society's exhibition at the Royal Institute Galleries, so when I had a spare hour I went along, and enjoyed the varied and colourful collection. I noticed with interest, too, how many of the pictures bore the little red seal denoting that the work was sold.



MR. IAN MULLINS and his bride, the former Miss Ann Sears, raised their glasses in a toast, following their marriage in the Church of St. Dunstan, Stepney, watched by their attendants, Miss Heather Sears, sister of the bride, Miss Celia Ewing and Miss Wendy Raeside. The reception was given in the magnificent hall of the Worshipful Society of Apothecaries, situated in Blackfriars Lane, of which the bride's father is a member

Social Journal (Contd.)

Piccadilly **Pastels**

Two of the first pictures to catch my eye were of a Sherpa porter wearing his rakish national hat, and below him one of Sherpa Tensing, one of the heroes of the Mount Everest Expedition. Both were drawn by Mrs. Grace Clark. Farther on in were drawn by Mrs. Grace Clark. Farther on in the West Gallery I stopped to admire a much larger work by Leonard Squirrell, a landscape called "Clearing Skies," Wymondham Abbey Church, which portrayed the peace and quiet of the countryside with clever lighting effects only seen when there is a partly overcast sky.

Jack Merriott who has six pictures in this gallery has done a charming scene entitled "Autumn In Cornwall" in which he has caught the autumnal tints to perfection, and Leonard Boden exhibits two clever sketches for the portrait of Boris Christoff as "Boris Godunov."

THAT particularly struck me in this gallery was the number of drawings of animals. There were two corgis, and two of pekes sitting side by side, done by Miss Marjorie Porter, which I noticed were both sold. Then at the other end of the gallery were such varied subjects as a Siamese cat by Miss Coote Lake, next to it a sleeping bull terrier puppy by S. Morse-Brown, polar bears by Raymond Sheppard, and a tigeress, a cheetah, and antelopes in three different pictures sent in by

Stef. M. Fisher, who perhaps had the most varied collection as his other three exhibits were a portrait of a girl, a pair of girl's feet, and two hands!

Standing in the middle of this room was a fine bronze of Somerset Maugham by Vasco Lazzolo. In the adjoining South Gallery, Lady George Scott, who paints and draws under her maiden name of who paints and draws under her maiden name of Molly Bishop, had a charming pastel sketch of a little boy whom I recognized as her son, and Mrs. Mollie Forestier-Walker, who incidentally is having a one-man-show of her drawings and paintings in London opening on March 24, had a striking portrait of Lady Margaret Tangye. In this gallery were six charming pictures by W. Eric Thorp, my favourite being one of Bettwys-y-Coed. These hung next to six works of Miss Patricia Buller including a flower picture, two landscapes, and three portraits. Four out of these six pictures bore the coveted red label. the coveted red label.

NE day recently I lunched at the Ladies' Annexe of the Guards Club in Charles Street. This has been greatly improved in the past six months and moved into the main club house which of course was originally the late Mrs. Ronnie Greville's lovely London home. I found it very gay and a great meeting place for many of the young marrieds and some of their younger friends.

The first-floor balloom has been partitioned into two parts. The back half is now the ladies' dining-room, which has room for about fifty to have lunch or dinner at the same time, and when I was there the service was excellent. The front half is now the writing-room and lounge. Leading off this is the ladies' bar, which is a very cheerful setting for a rendezvous, with many regimental prints of the Brigade of Guards hanging on the original pale yellow brocade walls.

When I went in another evening I found a party of young members and their friends in this bar having an apéritif before dining at the club and going on to a dance.

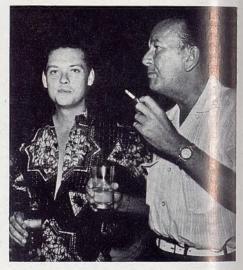
T is rather unusual to choose a summer's night on which to have a Hunt Ball, but I hear that members of the Puckeridge have done so this year. They are holding the ball on June 25 at Fanhams Hall, Ware, by kind permission of the Westminster Bank, who now use it as a Staff College. It is to be hoped that it is a fine, warm evening as the gardens at Fanham, which are to be floodlit for the occasion, are very beautiful and have been splendidly kept up. The present Master of the Puckeridge is Mr. Maurice Barclay, whose father and grandfather were also Masters of this pack.



Miss Henrietta Tiarks (centre), one of the youngest present, with Mrs. Kingmann Douglass and Mrs. Henry Tiarks



Major Everard Gates, who has a cottage on the island, was enjoying a drink with Lady Broughton



Mr. Noël Coward (right) waited to greet the guests on the patio of his house. With him was Mr. John Pringle



Mr. Clive Brook laughed with Mrs. John Pringle while enjoying a Roundoozle cocktail a delightful drink made with a pineapple flavour



Mrs. Everard Gates, who was one of the visitors from London, and Mr. Alan Skaith, of Toronto, Canada, raised their glasses in a toast to the success of the new hotel

WEST OF MONTEGO BAY, Jamaica, Noël Coward was the host at a bonfire and barbecue given to mark the opening of Round Hill, a new hotel on Lord Monson's century-old sugar plantation with a magnificent view over the sea. There were 300 guests from England, Canada and the U.S., the host himself entertaining the company with his cabaret repertoire

nsiderable number of Pony Club members attended this meet at the beautiful home lrs. M. G. Eccles. Here Miss Marigold Verity is seen waiting for some of her companions to join her

B .VING A BITING WIND, followers of the Blackmore Vale turned out in large numbers for the meet at West Hall, Long Upton, near Sherborne, and were well rewarded by finding a brace of foxes soon after the move off. Spectators on foot also had a splendid view of the first draw



Victor Yorke.
uss prospects

The Master and his wife, Mrs. Parsons and Mr. J. N. Parsons, M.F.H., discuss prospects with Miss Julia Wylam, Miss Lavinia Buxton and Nicholas George. In the car is the Hon. Mrs. Turner

AT THE RACES

Horse Sense In Action

• Sabretache •

Forses are supposed not to have any reasoning faculty, but anyone who may have had a bit to do with them will hardly endorse this opinion, and likewise will know that they have long memories, almost as long as that of an elephant. When Little Yid, who won recently at Birmingham, stopped in last year's National and said "No thank you," after jumping about two-thirds of the course, he knew full well that the next fence would get him, and that he had said his piece. He had jumped faultlessly till then, and he was well up in the fighting line. Reasoning power? Of course! Why will a horse frequently repeat a mistake at a fence which has floored him upon a previous occasion? The reason is obvious.

Many horses are given the Rogue's Badge, or, alternatively, ticketed non-stayers, who do not in any way deserve either of these sentences. The so-called "rogue" may just not be built right, i.e. his conformation may be wrong; the trouble almost invariably being in the shoulders.

Take the instance of Mrs. Bretherton's great old champion Free-booter. He jumps and stays so well because his shoulders are so right. Any horse, however speedy, cannot stay if his shoulders are at the wrong angle, for instance "too steep"; for when he is tiring the driving force is bound to decrease, his action will change, his stride shorten, and his gait become laboured. He will probably fall, if it is in a steeplechase, or put up the shutters if it is a flat race. The machine is just not put together as it ought to be. He is not a rogue or a non-stayer; he just cannot help himself. Freebooter's fall at the Canal Turn fence the year after he had won the Grand National was just a bit of pure bad luck, which may overtake any horse, however good, in any steeplechase over any course. Everyone I know must applaud Mrs. Bretherton's decision "No more Aintree" in the case of a warrior who has so gallantly won his spurs in that grim battle.

WONDER whether anyone has ever heard that word "staying" satisfactorily defined? The late Sir Charles Nugent said a stayer was just a horse who was "such a fool as not to know when he was beat." Napoleon, and later on some lesser men, said the same thing of the British soldier, who has never been a fool, but always a bulldog guaranteed to hang on. Conformation, no matter how good the blood, is the ace of trumps. Incidentally Little Yid is pretty sure to win the Topham Trophy, and Premonition, if he has fully recovered, can almost take his pick of any of the Cup races in the coming flat racing season; but I still think the "ifs" are awkward obstacles in spite of any optimistic talk. I am sure he will never win at Epsom.

Recent happenings have not told us very much, and every other man you meet has had his own idea as to what was going to be made top weight in the Grand National. I think the suggestion from the trainers that the maximum weight should be revised is a sensible one, but the main object, as I view it, is to do

as I view it, is to do something which would keep out the rubbish, which, as we know, is a cause of a good deal of the trouble. Why should good horses be knocked over by things which never ought to have been entered, and this can be said of a great number of them!



Mrs. Denise Fitz-Patrick, granddaughter of Lady Sassoon, was shopping in the village. She has taken a chalet for the winter

AMONG THE SUNLIT PEAKS AND CHALETS OF GSTAAD

THE winter sports season at Gstaad, in Switzerland's Bernese Oberland, is now well under way in spite of a somewhat late start, and holidaymakers have been enjoying carefree days beneath clear blue skies. Skiers set out early each morning either for the nursery slopes or for the lifts to more ambitious heights, while others have tried their skill on the ice rinks or toboggans



The magnificent slopes at Gstaad with the Wasserngrat heights beyond, which are reached by chair-lift



Mrs. John Hadley with her son Johnnie, who is at school at Le Rosey, were here on their way to the ice rink



Film producer Mr. Michael Powell, and his eight-year-old son Kevin, were on a day's visit from Château d'Oex



Mrs. Alec Lerner, daughter of Sir Simon Marks, was preparing for her morning run with her daughter Diana



In the sunshine outside the Wasserngrat restaurant high above Gstaad were Terry Walker, Lucilla Deane, Mrs. Tony Dean Afrey Walker and Dr. Tony Deane. Dr. and Mrs. Deane live at Gorleston, near Great Yarmouth



Lady Chamics, vice-president of the British Ladies Ski Club, and Mr. Richard Marler, from Wave den Tower, Bletchley, Bucks



Mrs. Henry Garnett and her daughter, Miss Sarah Garnett, aged sixteen, winner of the junior ski championship



Other skiers enjoying an afternoon run were Mr. Godfrey Davies and Miss Sandra Nowell, runner-up of the 1954 junior ski championship



Miss Jocelyn Wardrope-Moore and Miss Cathryn Hinde, Non-international Cup winner and second in the B.L.S.C. Giant Slalom event

At The Pictures

Fleet Street Fantasy



Elizabeth Allan and Jack Hawkins in "Front Page Story"

Y OME one of the many cooks who concoct a film must take responsibility for the finished dish served upon the screen. An old convention which shoulders blame and credit on to the director is convenient for critics, but when five separate authors are mentioned as contributing to Front Page Story (Warner) it would seem unfair to confer praise or blame ex-

clusively on the director, Gordon Parry.

Without having read Robert Gaines's original novel it is impossible to know who created the reasonably convincing newspaper office, who the dismally unconvincing newspaper and incredible trial; who underlined the heavy type characterization or uttered the high-falutin' dialogue for reporters spouting Shakespeare and Milton in the shadow of the city desk, who mischievously observed the editorial conferences and the malign, unseen presence of his lordship the proprietor.

ADMITTEDLY for most of its length the film seems better than its parts. The design for making up a front page counterpointed by the private life of a news editor (Jack Hawkins), an Old Bailey trial, a child eviction story and a long-haired, share-your-atoms scientist scoop, is neat. Unfortunately the trial is a melancholy mockery, with counsel rambling airily off all points, the jury reaching an impossible verdict and the accused (Eva Bartok) suffering silently from unflattering photography.

from unflattering photography.

Jack Hawkins can carry a film's responsibility comfortably and he makes the editor substantial until very near the end. Elizabeth Allan, as his wife, effectively enough echoes her own performance from The Heart Of The Matter. Even Mr. Hawkins cannot make the editor's implicit condonation of the scientific treason mean much, or his impassioned defence of press ethics to a fanatic on his staff who wants to savage the gutter-press that feeds him (Michael Goodliffe has fine moments).

Front Page Story raises issues of conscience which it is inadequate to answer. But the inadequacy is only revealed at the last, after keeping interest flickering hopefully until then.

Photo-finishes and photo-plays, photo-swims, photo-finishes and photo-radio. Arena (Rialto) is photo-rodeo, in Technicolor and outmoded 3-D. The only characters for whom it inspires sympathy are Polly Bergen, who admits "I'm not much of a rodeo fan"; and the small boy who turns the back of his black hat on the arena over which his father gloats. And, of course, the cattle and the horses.

Eisenstein at least lest no doubt who was responsible for Battleship Potemkin (revived at La Continentale). Today the revolutionary propaganda may look crude and naïve (as it always was), but the picture has as much power as it had almost thirty years ago, and the Odessa Steps massacre remains one of the greatest sequences ever filmed.

-Freda Bruce Lockhart



Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

at the Theatre

"No Other Verdict" (Duchess)

The curtain rises on a darkened stage. Someone at the telephone is calling the police, urgently. Suddenly he throws down the receiver, rushes to the garden door and is heard to say in a tone of alarm, "You, Skipper!" There are two shots. Then silence. Even the telephone receiver seems to know that its work is done. The curtain falls.

A familiar beginning, but it has the familiar advantage of opening a wide field of conjecture. Has the unseen Skipper shot the frightened man who was surprised to see him. Has the Skipper himself been shot? Has anyone been shot, and if so when? Anyway, the author, Mr. Jack Roffey, is free to get on with his story.

The party returning from a dance in a neighbouring country house can explain to us in a leisurely way that one of their number left the dance halfway through. Quite characteristic of him. He is easily bored and

quick to show it. But why is he not yet home? He may have gone for a midnight drive. Quite characteristic again. He is one of the more distinguished of our young explorers. A restless fellow. Shortly after his absence has been satisfactorily accounted for he comes in.

The notices that the telephone receiver is off its rest; he is told that the garden door was found open; and he is curiously perturbed. He has been struck lately by the recurrence of such trivial happenings in the house; taken collectively, they are mysterious. And he is soon confiding to a solicitor friend that he is being blackmailed.

It appears that he and a friend once took out a girl in a boat. A storm came up and she was washed overboard. They couldn't do anything about it, but the girl's father became obsessed with the notion that the girl had been murdered. The poor man's wits became a little deranged. He was in an asylum for some years. Can he be the author of the blackmailing letters? Enter the police superintendent, a friend of the family. He is sorry to burst in at such an ungodly hour. How did the dance go? He had hoped to be there himself. Was the hostess in good form and did the son of the house take too much to drink as usual? But what about that telephone call? That is what has brought him along—and

he has brought along with him an inspector and a divisional surgeon. May he look round? But of course he may; and there, of course, outside the garden door, is a dead body.

BVIOUSLY the story is going well, and much the best character in it is the police superintendent. He works with a pleasing mixture of easy good manners and native shrewdness. He knows the young explorer well and he is naturally slow to connect him with the crime, but he is professionally quick to perceive that some of the young man's replies to his questions require further explanation; and politely but firmly he requires the further explanation. The young man is a much less satisfactory character. His only purpose in the play seems to be to incriminate himself. There are the blackmailing letters, which he

foolishly tries to conceal, and no less damning are the erratic movements he made between leaving the dance and coming home. The weakness of such a character is that he makes such a black case against himself that we know he cannot be guilty.

ow there must come a third act in which proof of his innocence is provided by characters who have been mere names to us and cannot at that late hour put on any semblance of humanity. Then a story which we have found pretty good in its way will cease to hold our attention. So it happens. A formal solution is found, but it carries no real conviction. But the trick of switching the action to and fro between an assize court and the scene of the murder works unusually well in this instance.

A middling crime story is saved to some extent by the vigour and neatness of its stage presentation. Mr. John Arnatt, as the police superintendent, gives an admirable performance. It might be even better if the author had deepened the friendship between him and the suspect and so put a further strain on his integrity.

Mr. Richard Leech copes as plausibly as possible with a man who seems determined to die on the gallows; and Miss Elsie Randolph sympathetically leads the relatives and friends who watch events take their course with horror-stricken eyes.



SANDWICHES AND COFFÉE are served by Gibson (Charles Lloyd Pack)



Miss Marianne Davis was there with Mrs. Robert Nesbitt, wife of the author and producer



Princess Bibesco was escorted by the Marquess of Carisbrooke to this exciting first night



Mr. Kenneth Rowell in conversation with ady Moira Combe, daughter of the late Earl of Clonmell



Miss Eileen Herlie, the actress, arriving at the theatre with Mr.
Stanley Hall

A GREAT IMPRESARIO OF BALLET, the Marquis de Cuevas received warm congratulations when he presented his company for a season at the Stoll Theatre, with a repertoire containing many new works. The first-night audience was unusually large and distinguished



Mrs. Peter Daubeny was discussing one of the works in an interval with Prince Bibesco



Mr. Peter Daubeny, who presents the Ballet, had just been greeting playwright Peter Ustinov

London Lincelight



Winifred Shotter and Jack Hulbert in "The Housemaster"

Heavy Weather for Making Hay

The curiosity of *The Housemaster*, revived at the St. Martin's, is that it is Jack Hulbert, the producer, who confers upon it a venerable air. His slow, almost reverent, direction of what should be a romp presents the audience with a mental magnifying-glass and an invitation to consider interesting sidelights on the datelines of slang. On the whole, Ian Hay emerges with an unblemished reputation for skill in construction, and it is the moderns who mistake his weight as a humorist.

Mr. Hulbert himself, as the central figure,

Mr. Hulbert himself, as the central figure, was the least convincing, for here is a player with an unshakable burden of popularity and reputation in other spheres, which cannot by reason of his personality be shed like a skin. The task is one for a heavy actor reducing weight, not a rapier posing as a broadsword. But, like the rest of the audience, I laughed at most of the old jokes, and generally in the right places.

A BEVY (posse? covey? drove?) of actresses was assembled recently at the Washington Hotel to compete in the matter of deciding the perfect aftertheatre supper menu, at a reasonable price—125 6d, to be exact.

theatre supper menu, at a reasonable price—12s. 6d., to be exact.

Many of the ladies having omitted to study the financial conditions, M. André Simon, the judge, very wisely discarded their entries, and the winners earn my admiration and gratitude in equal proportions

equal proportions.

The leader was Miss Hermione Baddeley, who chose a cold egg dish, grilled cutlet, tomatoes, creamed potatoes and, strangely enough, Fallen Angels on Horseback. The recipe for the latter is chicken liver in bacon with, naturally, a date on top. The runnersup were Miss Lynd Joyce and Miss Vanessa Lee.

Bernard Shaw once confessed, indeed, whilst standing on the stage of the London Pavilion, that one of his ambitions was to kiss Mary Pickford. Most people at that time would have commended this unusual perspicacity, probably adding, "Particularly when she was dressed as Little Lord Fauntleroy." Now the shades are beginning to gather and revelations about the later life of this ringleted darling of the gods are due. They will be made in Angels in Love, which is coming to the Savoy on Thursday February 11th. His lordship at twenty will be played by Peter Hammond, and Dearest will be represented by Barbara Kelly, wife of the highspeed broadcasting comedian Bernard Braden.

Henry Kendall is appearing as a character new to Mrs. Burnett's readers, Sir Pomeroy Pomeroy Jones. He is the creation of the playwright, Hugh Mills, and is a late-Victorian admirer of Dearest. But the Earl, Kynaston Reeves, will be found mercifully unchanged by the passing years.

-Youngman Carter



LADY McGRIGOR was smiling when seventeen-year-old Richard Duncan, plater's markerboy, presented her with a bouquet after she had launched the new P. & O. liner Iberia at Harland and Wolff's yard, Belfast. Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, First Sea Lord, accompanied his wife to this important maritime occasion



ANOTHER LAUNCHING was that of the motor tanker Border Fusilier, a ceremony performed by the Duchess of Northumberland, here being shown a piece of equipment, at R. and W. Hawthorn, Leslie's yard, Hebburn-on-Tyne, Co. Durham

Talk around the Town

ONE must wonder how much longer politicians can stand up to the strain imposed on them by modern conditions.

Imagine the managing director of any private concern, said a former Junior Minister at dinner, working with a staff not of his own appointment, having to defend himself not once a year in a balance sheet, but every other day in the House or his constituency, making exhausting trips all over the place, no less arduous because of travelling by air.

And then add the strain not only of making speeches at some dinner any sane man would give anything to escape, but having to dress up and *listen to speeches*. Even cocktail parties can be an insufferable imposition on a tired man.

Never having had any political ambitions myself, I can only add my sympathy; but then, of course, they do ask for it!

Not all of them—Mr. Eisenhower didn't bargain for all the frustrations of high office. And the strain nearly broke the President at

one time last year, as will one day be more fully known.

Politicians of many a nation must have ground their teeth with annoyance at the phenomenal endurance of our present Prime Minister.

* * *

QUEEN VICTORIA'S reign is usually looked upon as the symbol of the happy family Yet the good Queen was witness of enough family tragedies, plotting, abuses, quarrels and mesalliances to provide novelist or playwright with a drawerful of plots.

I have just acquired a fascinating new bedside book called *Queen Victoria's Relations*, by Miss Meriel Buchanan (Cassell; 18s.), who has had the advantage of witnessing much of what she writes about. Miss Buchanan is the daughter of Sir George Buchanan, who was our last Ambassador to the Czar at St. Petersburg in 1917.

But most of her observations were made as a young girl in Darmstadt. It had never occurred to me before that this small city played quite so important a part in the network of Victoria's family. Sir George

was, in the 'nineties, Minister to the little Grand Duchy of Hesse, of which it is the capital. He was kept there, long after his time and to the detriment of professional progress, at the request of the Queen, who regarded him as a watch-dog.

Darmstadt was a sort of Clapham Junction of the European Royal families. Its ducal daughters streamed out in every direction.

Miss Buchanan takes about a dozen samples and deals with them in fascinating fashion, lingering a little too much perhaps on marital discords.

There are stories of the Queen's eldest daughter "Vicky," who became mother of the Kaiser; Marie of Rumania; that fascinating old fox, Ferdinand of Bulgaria (who only died in 1948); and beautiful, tragic Olga, the Czar's daughter.

OST of the character-studies are interlocking. A case in point is the romance the Queen especially plotted between the Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig of Hesse and young Princess Victoria of Edinburgh. They were her "favourite grandchildren and seem to have been an interesting couplebut did not suit each other. Princess had lost her heart to the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, but rather than hurt the great Queen, she and her husband lived apart as quietly as possible. No sooner had the Queen died, however, than a divorce was arranged; the Princess married Cyril, and the Grand Duke wed a Princess Eleanore of Solms Hohensolms-what Ruritanian names some of them seem to-day!

It must have been quite a scandal, with heavy frowns on all sides-from Edward VII., from the Kaiser and from the Czar and Czarina. The Grand Duchess Cyril could have brought down the curtain on Act II. at the St. James's Theatre with her cry of: " Have I not sacrificed years of my youth because of my grandmother's prejudices, and have I not now the right to some happiness in life?'

I must give a warning: this is a book which must be read alongside Whitaker's Almanack open at the pages devoted to "The Family of Queen Victoria."

They contain nearly 200 names.

HAD hardly put Miss Buchanan's book down when I read a news item: "Princess Margarete of Hesse, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, died at her home near Frankfort yesterday, aged eighty-one.'

She would be the daughter of the "Vicky" who was the favourite (and first) child of Queen Victoria. The Prince Consort so missed her on her marriage that he could not bear

MUSICIANS

CONDUCTOR

My rival Blank with simple-minded zest Presents Mozart, Beethoven and the rest, But I consign such notions to the shelf, And pertinaciously present myself.

KEYBOARD WONDER

With soulless competence, in chord and run, In counterpoint however thickly spun, His fingers function. Would that he had none!

Repeat myself? But am I then to blame Who write about the folk who do the same? A music critic is a waif who hears The same sonata twice a week for years.

-Eric Chilman

to go near the corridor leading to her rooms. In passing, I see that the Prince of Thurn and Taxis (who doesn't come into this Victorian story) likes to tell his friends that taxis got their name from his family, which 150 years ago developed a rapid transport service in Germany.

This story seems as good as any, and worthy of a place in the company of dubious innovators (e.g., champagne was invented by an Englishman called "Payne," etc.), but I should fancy it is rather more likely that it has a Latin origin. "Taxo" can mean 'touch repeatedly" or "to appraise."

It is one of those words that have slipped into international language, from Moscow

to New York.

WE ought to have lots of fun ahead when this search for the Abominable Snowman gets into its full stride.

What are they going to do with him? Shoot him—or interview him?

Excuse me, I hope I am not intruding on your privacy. I'm a reporter from a London newspaper, and I m wondering whether you could tell me why you are so abominable?"

If it is a question of shooting him, things might get difficult. Is he a man? If so, the reporter might find himself standing in a Kashmir dock, charged with murder.

For myself, I can see nothing very unusual about the creature except that his footprints do not seem to fit into any zoologist's textbook. An afternoon at the Zoo can bring you sight of creatures far more improbable.

It is the same with sea-serpents.

What is all the fuss about? Of course there are sea-serpents! In the depths of the ocean-and even in the not-so-deeps-there are creatures of fantastic form. If there are sea-elephants and whales, I cannot see why not serpents.

THENEVER I read of the discovery of some wonderful new freak of naturewhich usually turns out to be only a three-finned kipper, or something of that sort-I am reminded of the occasion during the war when it seemed that the censor must have been nodding.

A news item said that residents on the Kent coast had been awakened by mysterious bangs in the direction of the enemy-held French coast, followed by great flashes of light that seemed to come from nowhere in particular.

A thunderstorm had broken.

One genuine freak of nature I have seen in that part of the world is a waterspout, some miles off Folkestone, when I was crossing the Channel. I had always heard that the way to burst these was to fire into them. On this occasion it wavered away into the distance.

THE Arts Theatre at Cambridge, I read in the undergraduate newspaper Varsity, has cut all its seats for Monday night performances to 3s.

One result is that the takings have gone up. Here is an idea which West End managers might follow, although I doubt whether it would interest those firms who have engaged by contract many of our best players, and present them in tax-free shows of "educational" value but then don't reduce the prices of the seats.

Yet a graded scale of prices might be worked out. Perhaps, at such places as Covent Garden, a Friday night special, when dress would be obligatory (Friday is much favoured in Paris as a dressy night). Certainly Mondays are the bugbear of the West End theatre. In Paris the theatres are usually closed on Monday, having given two performances on the Sunday.

I also look forward to the time when theatre managers, having tempted people out of their seats in order to sell them drinks at high profit, will not raise the curtain until everyone is back in their seats, thus helping both players and others who are already seated. A man at the back of the pit could surely control this?

-Gordon Beckles







Sir Nigel and Lady Colman's Party at their Home in Grosvenor Square to Arrange Details for the Winter Ball

Mrs, E. Radley-Day, Capt. R. Bowes-Lyon and the Hon. Mrs. Donald Campbell listening to one of the speakers

Lady (Elena) Bennett, chairman of the ball (right), had been explaining its objects to Mr. F. S. Gentle and Lady Heal

The Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer and Lady Nigel Colman. Behind is Caroline Viscountess Bridgeman

FRIENDS OF BELGIUM DINED IN LONDON

H. E. the Marquise du Parc, wife of the Belgian Ambassador, was the principal guest at the annual dinner given by the Cercle des Belges when her husband was unable to attend owing to illness, and in his absence the President received. The Cercle, the venue for all Belgians in this country is reputed to have been formed in 1887 by Sir Polydore de Keyser, in that year Lord Mayor of London



Miss Patricia Deplas was escorted by Mr. J. H. Reid (left) and Mr. H. D. Atkinson



Miss Teresa Alicia Bryant and Miss Celia Mota, with (behind) Mr. J. Schulte and M. A. G. Boost, from Antwerp



Mlle. Pangeart, Count Christian de Liederkerk, M. Francis de le Barre Erqulinne, Lt.-Col. J. Delelienne, the President, and Mme. Delelienne waited to go in to dinner at 6, Stanhope Gate



Sir Lacon Threlford, H.E. the Marquise du Parc Locmaria and M. Jean Nieuwenhuys, Minister-Counsellor at the Belgian Embassy, were sitting at the same table



Other guests at this very enjoyable occasion attended by 150 were Mrs. Madge Sassoon, Mr. Paul Nuyens, Vice-President of the Cercle, Mrs. Billington and Mr. Noel Billington

DEBUTANTES TOASTED THEIR FIRST SEASON

ONE of the earliest cocktail parties of the season was given by Mrs. Frederick Wakeham for Miss Sylvia Haigh and Miss Gillian Buckley, who both make their debut this year. At her house in Park Street, the occasion proved an excellent opportunity for the younger set to meet and discuss plans for the coming months. Jennifer describes this good party on pages 165-6



Mrs. Frederick Wakeham, the hostess, enjoyed a joke with Mrs. Desmond Boyle, whose daughter is coming out this year



Parents of the girls for whom the party was given, Mrs. and Mr. Anthony Haigh and Mrs. Francis Buckley



Miss Sylvia Mary Haigh and Miss Gillian Buckley waited to receive their guests. The painting belongs to the Gainsborough school



Lady (Guy) Salisbury-Jones, whose husband is Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, chatted to H.E. the Portuguese Ambassador, Senor Pereira



Desmond O'Neill Mlle. Clara and Mlle. Madeleine Pereira, daughters of the Portuguese Ambassador, were having a drink with Major G. S. Palmer



DINING OUT

The Old, Roast Beef Tradition

Visitors to London who voice the customary complaints about the feebleness of English cooking will usually be found to have frequented the middle strata of eating places.

As everyone should know, the cuisine in the

As everyone should know, the cuisine in the de luxe resorts is as fine as any in the world. And much cheaper than many places abroad at that. Next come the great bulk of eating places,

the half-way houses, which make up perhaps so per cent. of the total.

Then come the pubs, mostly serving only lunch.

Then come the pubs, mostly serving only lunch. The pubs serve what is perhaps the most honest native food to be procured in the country. They are relatively cheap, for the prices assume that you are going to have a drink—and the drink is something you cannot get in your most luxurious caravanserais: draught beer. A typical one of the new type (still, happily, very much of a pub downstairs) is:

THE NAG'S HEAD (Covent Garden, opposite stage door).—The diningroom on the first floor is open until II p.m. (Also the bars at 5.30 a.m., but that won't help you unless you sell vegetables, etc.) Its clientele, because of the Opera House, sometimes resembles that famous Grill in the Strand in former days.

The newly-decorated dining-room is perhaps a little too floridly red, but it's very comfortable. Always a couple of roasts at 3s. 6d. or 4s. 6d., the bulk of the entrées at that price: braised ox tongue, sauté steak, grilled gammon and fried egg. Plain cooking, no attempt at the haute cuisine. And, an excellent sign: a cheese platter of Danish Blue, Gruyere, Camembert, Cheddar, Dutch Edam, at 1s. 6d. with biscuits. Worth while pausing downstairs to inspect collection of decorative playbills, etc., on walls.

Lors of talk recently of not only bottling your own wines, but of making them from your own grapes.

own grapes.
On the face of it there is no reason why this island should not produce wine-worthy grapes; indeed, through the centuries it has done so, and I have tasted native liqueurs of recent years.

Are not some of the greatest of all wines from apparently arid soil that looks unlikely to produce anything except weeds and stones?

produce anything except weeds and stones?

But the art of the vineyard is not come to in a day.

It is worthy of note that one of the firmest believers in home-made wines, Mr. George Ordish (who has written a book on it), had behind him a background of some years in the Champagne district. Of course, if you like pottering around the garden and making experiments at home, there is nothing to stop you. But be careful!

-I. Bickerstaff



M. Serrailler

AT MERIBEL-LES-ALLUES, Savoie, France, Col. Sir John Hunt, leader of the Everest-expedition,
was enjoying a ski-ing holiday with his wife and daughters. At the top of the ski-lift he was pictured
with Miss Sally Hunt (left), Lady Hunt and (right) the instructor, Edmond Maresca

Priscilla in Paris

When Stratford Came To The Seine

The théâtre des Champs Elysées is the finest theatre in Paris, or would be if it were properly kept up. Since the late Gabriel Astruc had it built in 1912 it has presented some of the most remarkable spectacles that have ever been seen in this city of great entertainments. Diaghileff's Russian ballet, Argentina's dance "recitals." Symphonic concerts conducted by such chefs d'orchestre as Weingartner, Toscanini, Debussy, Bruno Walter, Furtwangler. . . . Operatic companies from Bayreuth, Turin and Vienna.

Chaliapin has sung there, and such virtuosi as Cortot, Paderewsky, Pablo Casals and Jacques Thibaud have played there. It was right, therefore, that such a theatre should have the honour of housing the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company.

HEADED by Michael Redgrave and Peggy Ashcroft, those brilliant players delighted Paris by giving eight performances of Antony and Cleopatra, following their visits to The Hague, Amsterdam, Antwerp and Brussels. The theatre was crowded, from the front row of the stalls on the dizzy brink of the deep orchestra pit to the vertigo compelling topmost row of the gilded gallery.

In the open boxes, known as loges de corbeille, that replace the usual "dresscircle" at this theatre, were the élite, led by Sir Oliver and Lady Harvey. Also present was the Ambassador of Pakistan, wearing his most decorative, turquoise-blue

turban. Even the critics had gone to the length of black ties, from Robert Kemp, who affects a somewhat austere, narrow, shoelace kind of neckwear, to Edmond Sée, who is faithful to the more *bouffant* and "artistic" style that was once dear to the Brummels of the Left Bank. Now, of course, they wear none (neither do they garter their socks!).

Madame Mary Bell who, some few years ago, was a seductive Cleopatra in the Comédie Française's over-ornate production of André Gide's emasculate version of Shakespeare's magnificent epic, was tragic in black velvet. M. Fernand Gregh, one of the oldest as well as the newest Academiciens, was rather naughtily juvenile in a spring-like suit of grey.

For once I had leisure to observe these small details because—and this was most extraordinary—everybody had arrived on time.

In Paris theatres the curtain, usually, is scheduled to rise at nine. This means a quarter-past, and people rush to their seats at that hour... or a little later. The other evening the audience made it a point of honour to assemble at the early hour of 8.30 mentioned on the invitation cards. One presumes, however, that the stage hands were of the Parisian proletariat; the curtain rose at nine!

I enjoyed every moment of the evening, but yet was puzzled by many details. The perfect ensemble of the lesser members of the cast composes a background that builds up, without intruding upon, the actors of the leading rôles. One also becomes very much aware of the love the players feel for the Master they are interpreting. There were moments when I was not sure whether I was listening to the actors of a great tragedy or whether I was in the presence of acolytes serving the rites of their religion. It was a moving experience.

My puzzlement was afforded by some of the costumes. Whenever Antony doffed his pallinium or toga or mantle or what-youmaycallit, he might just as well have played second murderer in Macbeth complete with kilt, plus metal sporran. However, kilt, sporran or not, what a presence, what a voice, what sly humour, what boisterous fun and what tragic despair! Here indeed was a great actor and a man.

I feel a little sorry, though, for the pretty child I found, during an interval, almost in tears. She had come to see Michael Redgrave on the strength of his film appearance in *The Way to the Stars*. Poor infant. Antony's beard has been the first disillusion of her imaginary love-life.

TNACCUSTOMED to the edict of no curtain calls during the performance, the audience was fussed to find itself unable to acclaim the players after each act. Even so, the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company could have measured its success by the absence of coughing. The tense, breathless silence, unbroken by choc-chewers and programme-rustlers, was eloquent. Then when the curtain fell for the last time on the play and was raised again to reveal the whole company awaiting its reward, the audience rose to its feet and the applause rang out for many minutes.

It was a great night!

Enfin/

• "Publicity is the glory of the rich. Glory is the publicity of the poor."



Barry Swaebe

THE VITAL LINK of sympathy between sculptor and sitter, so necessary to the production of a work of art, is delightfully expressed in this picture of Fiore de Henriquez, who came to England four years ago from Italy, modelling a portrait of Christopher Osborn, five-year-old son of pianist Franz Osborn and his wife. Fiore de Henriquez, who comes of an old Spanish family, was born in Trieste, and achieved fame with her statue of Giovanni Cuono the scholar, which now stands in the public square of Salerno. Since arriving in England she has completed a great number of portrait heads, her sitters including leading ballerinas. In the photograph are portraits of Augustus John—to whom she has given sculpture lessons—and Mrs. Rex Benson (background), and one of Mrs. John Walton in the foreground



Half-hourly guards were mounted by National Servicemen upon the Colours of the 4th Battalion. Looking at some of the Regimental silver near them were Major Hubert Holden, commanding the Royal Norfolk Depot, his father-in-law the Bishop of Norwich, Dr. P. M. Herbert, K.C.V.O., the Hon. Mrs. W. Garnier and Mrs. Holden



Mrs. Christopher Blaxland was partnered by a member of her party,
Major Eric Cooper-Key

HOME CITY HONOURS NORFOLKS' BALL

THE City and See of Norwich, as represented by the Lord Mayor and the Bishop, were the guests of honour at the brilliant ball given by the Royal Norfolk Regiment, when a company of 400 enjoyed an evening which was as impressive as it was entertaining. The ball was preceded by a dinner, at which the Regimental Band played, and where tribute was paid to the Regiment's great traditions



Miss Sarah Freeman-Taylor was going round the floor of the Lido ballroom in a slow foxtrot with Lt. B. H. C. Emsden



Some good stories were being told at a balcony table shared by Mrs. Power, Capt. E. W. A. Power, Lt. F. E. Herring and Miss Jane Goodge. It was generally agreed that this was one of the best Regimental events ever held



—while an R.A.F. representative was Air Cdre. S. C. Widdows, from Fighter Command, here dancing with his wife



A guest from the Royal Navy was Lt.-Cdr. I. D. Temple-Richards, who was accompanied by Mrs.

A very happy party at this flower-decked table consisted of Lt.-Col. A. Debenham (T.A.), Mrs. H. Long, Brig. H. Long, who came over from Germany especially for the ball, and Mrs. M. Jephson



Watching one of the evening's features, a descent of balloons somewhat reminiscent of a parachute drop, were Major I. Dowdall-Brown, Miss Sara Hinde, Mr. James Hipwell, Mrs. Alan Eades, Mrs. I. Dowdall-Brown and Mr. Alan Eades



Van Hallan

On the balcony, noting the arrival of friends, were Lt.-Col. Sir Charles Rowley, Bt., who is a Deputy Lieutenant for Suffolk, and Lady Rowley. Lady Rowley is a sister of Sir Edmund Bacon, Premier Baronet of England

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

Swords are to be worn again (official) with dress-uniform in the U.S. Navy, and one can see the sparkling eyes at Annapolis from here. A sword makes a lot of difference, as the Marquise d'Estrées said laughingly when the assassins caught her boy-friend at dawn in his nightie. It was certainly of use to the embryo U.S. Navy in the 1812 war against George III, of which we hear so little.

We'd like to see civilian dress-swords used Our native Cabinet boys in Court rig oftener. are powerless to avenge insults on the spot, having only dummy weapons, but members of the Académie Française, armed with real snickers with the regulation groove (rigole), facilitating swift extraction from the corpse, can do so on all ceremonial occasions. Maybe they do, however odd they look, since a sword makes litteratoors quick and quarrel-some as lions. Compare the 6-inch dagger carried in the stocking by P.E.N. Club girls to defend their literary integrity and avenge their good name, if anybody at the party happens to remember it (and if, of course, the girls can keep their stockings up). Many of these daggers, incidentally, are engraved with pet-names or mottos like "Tickler," "Café Royal," "Blood and Vengeance," "Mon Repos," "Death to Connolly," "My Life for Faber & Faber!" "British Railways," and so forth.

Afterthought

r was pleasing to hear from a U.S. Navy chap last week that the Service has forgiven and forgotten that unfortunate incident involving our late regretted Robert Benchley one rainy night in a Broadway theatre vestibule some years ago, when the following exchange occurred between Benchley and what he took to be a commissionaire:

"Get me a taxi, will you?"
"Damn you, sir, I'm a naval officer!"
"Well, get me a boat."

Whether Benchley got his boat he never divulged, but the misunderstanding left a scar

on the conscience of a kindly, upright American citizen. The wearing of a sword would have obviated this trouble; or alternatively, Benchley might have been run through, thus affording the New Yorker an amusing paragraph or two. You can't have everything.

Penpals

SIMMONS, Jun., lately the world's reigning champion-letter-writer to the British (or any other) Press, with a score of 4500-odd, will address editors no more on every topic known to man, we perceive with regret.

Virgil would certainly have awarded B. Sim-

mons, Jun., a place of honour in the Happy Fields with his laurelled predecessors, the Rev. J. Bacon Phillips (score, about 9,000), and J, Landfear Lucas (ditto), who laid down their tireless pens in the 1920's. Unlike their current successors of the Loony Fringe, both wrote in English and had a mission of gentle uplift. sees them reclining on a grassy bank, wishing some editors were there, and breaking off to welcome the new arrival. "Sir," says the off to welcome the new arrival. "Sir," says the beaming clergyman, "it is not generally known that the first bowler hat in history was worn by Mercury, the messenger of the gods in classic lore." "Sir," adds J. Landfear Lucas, "it may be of interest to recall that the Easter egg."

wrote all their stuff for nothing. It makes you think, egad.

TIGER of the *Times*, who has won a silver cup at a Crystal Palace show, is the kingpin of wellknown fourfooted London cats at the moment, we gather from a fascinating new book on the subject. He is a pretty big shot likewise at Printing House Square, where, we would say personally—and judging strictly from internal evidence—he writes not a few of the leading articles.

Apart from possessing a weighty and dignified style, unlike the mob of alley-cats, half mad with mange and ignoble passions, who write for the highbrow Left Wing weeklies, Tiger doubtless exercises a wholesome influence on Auntie's other collaborators. Most big boys who owe their fame to their cats—Du Bellay, Montaigne, Rousseau, Dr. Johnson, Baudelaire, et al.—admit this influence. Under Tiger's level, enigmatic gaze, very few of the Times boys, we gather, find much time for pitch-and-When we last set foot in those classic halls, indeed, the inmates seemed glued to their work, and in the Upper Library one of them, radiant with pleasure, was actually receiving the Delane Prize for diligence, a beautiful gilt-edged book entitled *The Joys* of Punctuation.

Tiger was then, apparently, in editorial conference, advising on European affairs, but his presence could be felt everywhere. In most newspaper-offices one hears sudden slaps, giggles and screams. A sacred hush is the most significant note of Auntie's dump, apart from that faint flavour of cheese.



"Ever thought of hibernating?"

Pure jam for the psychic research boys (being, unless we err, their very first problem in glorious Technicolor) is the case of the in glorious Technicolor) is the case of the saucy blonde ghost, wearing vivid lipstick and makeup and followed by the ghost of a bald, elderly man, who is said (vide Press) to be haunting a roadside pub in Worcestershire. It looks to us very like a typical City romance of the spirit underworld, with the routine carbreakdown thrown in breakdown thrown in.

By trying the rap-code on these lines the psychic boys might get some results, it seems to us. Key-replies from the bald, elderly ghost would normally include the following:

- (a) "Don't call me Mr. Fussbaum, old boy, just call me Laddie."
- (b) "Well, you see, we had a spot of engine-trouble."

 (c) "Oh, that's Baby. I forget her other name. We're just friends."

From the blonde ghost some slightly brisker raps might be expected. E.g.:

- "Tired business men-coo! Not so tired in the evenings, ducks."
- "That's right, he's just a dreamer-he dreamed he gave me a lot of pearls and things. Coo, what a hope!"
- "Well, my Mums said I ought to give him a kick in the teeth, but it doesn't seem refined, somehow, does it?"

UR guess is that Mr. "Laddie" Fussbaum is following Baby over the scene of a broken idyll to tell her the latest good story going round the Stock Exchange (compare Orpheus and Eurydice), and if he seems to be crying, it is probably the one about the dancing dervish, the sheik's wife, and the camel. Like the lovesick ghost in Verlaine, alas, poor old Laddie gets a dusty answer.

Ton cœur bat-il toujours à mon nom? Toujours vois-tu mon âme en rêve ?-Non.

Excuse our gulps.

BRIGGS. . . . by Graham









CHARLES VICTOR, whose career has included several years as a dancer in musicals, and a lengthy stint at the Birmingham Rep. with Sir Barry Jackson, gives in *Pygmalion*, at the St. James's, one of those performances which are agreed by everyone as perfection. His Doolittle is worth going a very long way to see, and is especially piquant in being so great a contrast to the sophisticated comedy roles within which Mr. Victor has deservedly made his name in the West End.

ST. GEORGE FRENGLAND, M.P.



"In the past he used to be a Prime Minister of the future"

BUBBLE

& SQUEAK

THE officer in charge of the Royal Engineers who were constructing a

road through a swampy section ordered a second lieutenant to take fifteen men and get on with the job.

Presently the subaltern came to see the colonel. "Sir," he reported, "the mud is over the men's heads. We just can't get through."

"Nonsense!" roared the C.O.

"Make out a requisition slip for anything you need and I'll see that you get it."

A few minutes later, the second lieutenant laid this memorandum on the C.O.'s desk:

"Need fifteen men 18 ft. tall to cross swamp 15 ft. deep."

SHE was arguing with an elderly man about the effects of alcohol. "Statistics prove," she announced firmly, "that people who don't drink live much longer than those who do."

"My dear lady," said the man, "can you tell me why I should sell my birthright for a mess of dotage?"

* * *

A FTER a very strenuous day's shopping in town, Mr. and Mrs. Mann returned home in the moonlight.

"Oh, darling!" exclaimed the lady. "What a lovely moon!"

"Yes," he replied absent-mindedly. "How much is it?"

AVING promised to send an editor a story, the author failed to deliver it on time. Finally the editor, an old crony of the author's, sent him a note:

"DEAR JOHN—If I don't receive that story within twenty-four hours, I'll come and kick you downstairs—and I always keep my promises."

The author's and the story of the sto

The author's reply came back: "DEAR TONY—
If I did all my work with my feet, I'd keep my promises, too."



MR. ALICK S. DICK, recently appointed managing director of the Standard Motor Company in succession to Sir John Black, who retired owing to ill-health, is seen with his wife and sons, Peter James, nine, Nigel Allan, four, and Michael John, eleven, in the garden of their home. Mrs. Dick was formerly Miss Betty Hill, of Coventry

Flying

Oliver Stewart

Malaya's Helicopters Teach Lesson

VALUABLE criticism seems to me to be implied by the presentation to No. 848 Helicopter Squadron, Fleet Air Arm, of the Boyd Trophy. This Trophy is given every year for the most outstanding feat of aviation in the Royal Navy and the official citation mentions the really wonderful work done by this squadron in Malaya. In over 3,500 flying hours it carried about 100 tons of freight over the Malayan jungles, lifted over 10,000 troops and evacuated 220 casualties.

Now the point of implied criticism is that here was a squadron equipped with the right kind of aircraft for a particular role, whereas the large bombers that were sent to Kenya were the wrong kind of aircraft. In short, I feel that the decisions of the Service authorities as to what squadrons to send where, require closer scrutiny than they have so far been given. The finest squadron will not achieve much if its aircraft are unsuited to the operations it is used for.

F the helicopter in Malaya is an example of correctly matched terrain, tactics and technique, the heavy bomber in Kenya is an example of the opposite. It produces its greatest effect where there is a high density of population and a vital and delicate system of communications. Where these things are absent, small aircraft, especially helicopters, performing special missions are the most favoured flying

machines. No. 848 Squadron was commanded by Lt.-Cdr. Sydney H. Suthers until a short time ago when—the Admiralty tells me—he was succeeded by Lt.-Cdr. B. Paterson. The Boyd Trophy itself is a small silver model of a Swordfish.

THE art of squeezing money out of the aviator has never been so highly developed as the art of squeezing money out of the motorist. Nevertheless hangarage charges of over £2 a week at Ministry of Civil Aviation aerodromes are not unusual-a Percival Proctor, in fact, costs £122 2s. a year. It was to ease this burden that the Royal Aero Club, acting for the Ministry, introduced the Housing and Parking Card scheme which went with the Red Landing Card scheme and made it look for a moment as if someone was really trying to help aviation.

But now the Ministry finds that there are too few takers of the Housing and Parking Cards and intends to end them in April. They were obtained for rates which showed a saving for the year of from over £52 for the Proctor to £19 2s. for a Miles Gemini. I am afraid that the scarcity of card holders is a reflection of the decline in genuine Private flying has private ownership. lacked powerful advocates and so the squeeze has been put upon it by every Government department that has an excuse for doing so. The Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation has helped in piling on the forms and the charges. It cannot feel proud of the

part it has played.

Now it becomes increasingly doubtful whether private flying will ever flourish again. If another Brancker were to arise, it might; but the rubbish that would have to be removed before the private owner could escape into the air would be difficult

owever, the aircraft are there. The French build several attractive small machines and, in this country, there is the Auster, which is cheap to buy and economical to run, yet capable of sustained hard work. Meanwhile, few who are not backed up financially and in other ways by some powerful commercial organisation can hope to experience the pleasures of private flying.

Those who remember the days when private flying was popular will note with approval the new meteorological reports as given out on the television service. extent of the "flight

plan" of those days was, often, wondering what on earth the weather was going to Now with the forecast as given out on the television screen and the chart information amplified by the forecaster, the sort of flights we used to do before the war would be greatly facilitated. Dr. Sutton has introduced areally useful change in the manner of presenthad there been old-style private owners to-day they would have had reason to thank had reason to thank to him. Now, of course, work and later holiday meteorological brief- at his farm on the slopes ings are compulsory.



ARCHIBALD undertake of Mount Kilimanjaro



Howard Coster

LORD DUDLEY GORDON, brother and heir of the Marquess of Aberdeen, holds a high position in the country's industrial life. Besides being a qualified engineer—he went through "the shops" as an apprentice—and chairman of important concerns in this field, he has also widespread interests in banking and assurance. He is a past president of the Federation of British Industries and of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers. Lord Dudley, an Old Harrovian, served with the Gordon Highlanders during World War One, gaining the D.S.O., and he has also commanded the 8/10 Battalion of that regiment. Amongst his "off duty" undertakings is presidency of the Allied Circle



Sir Adrian Jarvis, Bt., president of the Downhill Only Club, stopped to talk to Mr. Hedley Gardner and Mrs. Barbara Ringrose on his way to the slopes

BRITISH VISITORS TO BERNESE OBERLAND

WENGEN, in the Bernese Oberland, secures the affections of skiers more firmly, perhaps, than any other village in Switzerland. Here some of its visitors from Britain are seen taking advantage of this season's very satisfactory snowfall



From Malton, in Yorkshire, came Lavinia, Sara hand Annabel Legard with their parents, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Percy Legard, to stay at the Palace Hotel. Their father has represented Britain in two Olympic Winter Games



Alan Crompton, winner of the Kandahar Trophy, was here competing in the slalom of the British Men's Championship



Also doing the slalom run on the Brunner slopes was Nigel Gardner, winner of the Duke of Kent's Cup



Brodrick Haldane John Torrens proved a skier of great style, winning the Class 2, Seniors, in the Championship



The host, Major W. F. Farnall Thurstan (centre), hon. sec. of the Bath Horse Show, chatted to the joint-Masters, Sir Arthur Blakiston (left) and Mr. Roger Hammond



Major Donald Tait and Major Davey were waiting for hounds to arrive



field moved off, Cdr. McKillop reported their progress to Mrs. McKillop

THE WYLYE VALLEY were the guests of Major and Mrs. W. F. Farnall Thurstan at their home Abbotsleigh, Freshford, near Bath. After a stirrup cup the joint-Master, Mr. R. Hammond, led the field off to a good day's sport



W. Morris Mrs. A. Huntley and Elizabeth Stunt came with Elizabeth Huntley, who was following on her pony Beechnut



OLD BELVEDERE XV. Back row: P. J. Quinn (hon. sec.), L. Crowe, J. D. Hackett, F. McDevitt, J. Keogh, R. Donnelly, P. McDevitt, John O'Brien (president). Seated: Kevin Quinn, G. O'Brien, M. Dargan, P. Belton (captain), M. Madigan, B. McGrath, T. McGinty. In front: J. Connell, M. Birthistle

Rugby Clubs

By S. A. Patman

OLD BELVEDERE

Pormed as recently as 1930, few Irish clubs can have achieved so much for the game as the Old Belvedere Rugby Football Club, founded chiefly through the enthusiastic initiative of the Rev. C. Moloney and Rev. S. MacLoughlin, still closely associated with the club as honoured vice-presidents. In this comparatively brief span of years the club has made remarkable progress in Leinster senior Rugby, and when it is recalled that membership is strictly confined to former pupils of Belvedere College, it speaks well for the reputation of the scholastic institution as a Rugby nursery.

With Dr. "Bob" O'Connell (later president) as captain, the club had an auspicious first season, reaching the final of the Junior League, but with the departure of George Morgan the Old Boys experienced a number

with the departure of George Morgan the Old Boys experienced a number of lean years. He joined Clontarf and was soon to win international honours. Like all clubs that depend upon one school for recruits, there must naturally be an ebb and flow of playing strength, but with the advent of Frank Quinn in 1936 came a change in the club's fortunes. Promotion to senior status quickly followed, and strengthened by the return of George Morgan, Paddy Quinn and V. Aird, the club only lost two matches in their first senior season.

n its seventeen years in first-class Rugby, Old Belvedere have almost monopolised the Leinster Senior Cup, winning the coveted trophy in seven consecutive years. Since that outstanding run of 1940-46, they have twice taken the cup to their headquarters at Anglesea Road Ballsbridge, a site they took over several years ago, when their original ground at Ballymun was sold for building purposes.

In spite of this, the 1944-45 season was the most successful in the club's history, Old Belvedere making a clean sweep of the Leinster Senior Cup,

the Metropolitan Cup and the Minor League, and no fewer than six members being selected to play for Ireland.

A mong the Old Belvederians who have worn the green jersey of Ireland are E. O'D. Davy, with thirty-four appearances, G. J. Morgan, the brothers Brendan and Kevin Quinn, Karl Mullen, who captained the Irish team which won the Triple Crown and International

Championship, D. J. O'Brien, Louis Crowe and M. Dargan.

From a very modest beginning Old Belvedere has emerged into one of the most powerful clubs in Ireland, and with an ever-increasing membership five fifteens are placed in the field. Men who to-day guide the destinies of the club include John O'Brien, the popular president, P. J. Quinn, secretary, and D. P. Maguire, treasurer.

·····GRAMOPHONE NOTES ······

Much has been written about the recent marriage of that young, talented and unspoiled singer Rosemary Clooney and film and stage star José Ferrer. So it is inevitable that Miss Clooney should wish to Thus we now have a double-sided husband and wife recording on which the Clooney sings "Man" and Ferrer "Woman" to the pleasant accompaniment of Norman Leyden and his orchestra, with a chorus.

Here is a cross between a "hill-billy" and a "jingle," and I shall be vastly surprised if it does not become a world best-seller, not because it is

sensational in any way, but because the tune is easy on the ear, and the

lyrics reiterate sentiments and truths every man and woman appreciates.

The surprise of this piece of homeliness is the singing of José Ferrer. His style is easy and direct, and I could name many recording artists who would do well to hear him, thereby learning much they could put to their own advantage. I hope this new team will find time to give us more of their joint efforts; it will be our loss if they don't. (Philips P.B.220.)

Robert Tredinnick



"SEVEN YEARS IN TIBET" is the title of the book by Heinrich Harrer (Rupert Hart-Davies; 16s.) telling the story of his escape from a British prisoner-of-war camp in India and his subsequent experiences in the forbidden city of Lhasa. This picture, one of those to be included in Mr. Harrer's lecture at the Royal Festival Hall on Sunday, February 7th, is of the mother of the Dalai Lama, with the Palace in the background

Book Reviews

Flizabeth Bowen

An X-Ray Is Turned On Dean Swift

NOVEL by a great poet is something more than fiction—it not only tells a story, it illuminates life. We must be glad that Edith Sitwell's I LIVE UNDER A BLACK SUN, which first appeared in 1937, is once again available; published by Peter Owen, Ltd., at 6s. Moreover, the theme of the story is one which has fascinated so many imaginations—the extraordinary relationship of Dean Swift with those two women who surrendered their whole lives to him, Stella and Vanessa.

Here we have not merely a reconstruction of what took place in the England and Ireland of the eighteenth century: Dr. Sitwell, while keeping to the basic idea, has transposed the characters into a modern key, and has pictured the incidents she relates as happening during and after World War I. She thus, by as it were stripping away the slightly blurred veil of interposing time, re-presents everything to our eye, with a vividness of which only her genius could be capable.

s we read, nothing appears unlikely-for there is something about an outsize drama of the emotions which makes it seem to belong, equally, to any epoch in which men and women have lived. In a sense, any great love-story seems contemporary.

Few, however, are contemporary pens which could render Jonathan Swift's magnitude—his intellect with its growing shadow of madness, his fascination for all those whose paths he crossed, his awesome power to suffer and inflict suffering. Humanly speaking, to be involved with him—as were the gentle Stella and the tempestuous, indiscreet Vanessa—could lead to nothing but disaster. Like a cyclone, he took his toll of life—Stella died worn out, Vanessa broken-hearted. His was a nature which transgressed, or, one should rather say, overrode, all laws of fidelity or kindness; and yet somehow he cannot be denounced. For as against that, we must remember he was a giant: few men have, purely by force of intellect, left behind them so lasting a mark. Nor did he go his own way unscathed: alone, at the end, he confronted his own agony of madness.

Yes, this is a story fit only to be re-told by a poet's pen. The tragedy is redeemed by the exaltation Dr. Sitwell perceives in it and conveys to us. She explains, in her Foreword to I Live Under a Black Sun, that not only the details of the original story but also the framework have been changed—the reader, in fact, is not to look for an in any way literal transcription. But these changes, I should dare to suggest, are on the surface only, and were made because the author found that they served to bring out, by simplifying the plot, the essentials of the actual situation. "I have," Dr. tials of the actual situation. "I have," Dr. Sitwell adds, "drawn copiously upon the works and letters of Jonathan Swift; in some cases the language of the latter has been modernised.'

THE GENERAL'S SUMMER-HOUSE, by Anthony Rhodes (Arthur Barker; 10s. 6d.), is a high-spirited novel of University life, sharpened by some pretty acute thought.

"Whither our Universities?" is one of the questions of our day, and Mr. Rhodes, while too questions of our day, and Mr. Rhodes, while too wise to suggest an answer, gives the question concrete, amusing form by showing some of the issues raised by the election of a new Provost for the ancient, illustrious (if in name imaginary) College of St. James, Cambridge. Is the College to give a lead to the University, "move with the times," "come into line with modern realities," and so on, by electing that admirable retired soldier by electing that admirable retired soldier General Cairns? Or, is the distinguished Indian, Sir Gandar Dhobi, to be allowed, as Provost of St. James's, to maintain what he reveres and stands for—the august, old, purely academic tradition? academic tradition?

THE General, a charming man, makes no claims whatever to culture ; he is a specialist in military engineering. Nor, indeed, is he deeply interested in the candidature which has been more or less forced upon him by the "progressive" element among the St. James's Fellows. Fishing, and the construction of a delightful summer-house from which to fish (for his Grantchester garden runs down to the river) occupy most of the General's thoughts and time: his principal sponsor, the Dean of St. James's, can but be a little aware of his favourite's anothy. Meana little aware of his favourite's apathy. Mean-while, the Gandar Dhobi faction is being headed, with no less vehemence, by the Senior Tutor, Mr. Gabriel.

Bad blood prevails at the high table. Mr. Gabriel, whose rooms are right at the top of the College. tower, is moreover being frustrated at every turn in hopes of having a lift in-stalled. But our view of St. James's is by no means confined to dons—we see the College, and University life, also through the eyes of an ingenuous officer undergraduate, Richard Rawson-Shawe.

[Continued on page 198



· John French

Fashion Choice of the Week

THIS extremely useful grey and white tweed dress is a Corvette model made by Dorville. Its basically simple button-through design is lifted right out of the ordinary run by two cleverly placed bows of dark grey petersham. Its full sleeves are drawn in to a tight cuff. Beautifully warm (and elegantly narrow) you can wear it now out of doors under this season's casual hip-length jackets, and later on with just a fur stole. It costs 11 gns. and comes from Lillywhites. The "Dalmatian" felt cloche is from Renée Pavy.

-MARIEL DEANS

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

THERE are those who regard bridge as recreation—no doubt they have their reasons. After all, it is a relaxation—you cannot conceivably do or even think of anything else at the same time. I, however, am never quite certain whether I enjoy it as a leisure occupation or regard it as a kind of tonic, rather severe and bracing. This mood springs chiefly from last night's experience at the J's—one of those evenings when I hold six hearts to the ace, king, queen, jack and a singleton spade, and my partner for life and bridge has six spades to the ace, king, queen and no hearts at all.

This situation crops up too frequently, yet not frequently enough for me to learn how to deal with it. In between such incidents, we laugh scornfully at those who say that husbands and wives shouldn't partner one another at bridge. But when one does come up. . . .



N this occasion I lose my head completely when my partner insists on four spades, take him out into five hearts, and, trying not to see the expression on his eyebrows, find only too soon that the other hearts are nestling in the hand of the player on my right... We go down five, doubled and vulnerable. "Rather awkward distribution," I say, with an attempt at a gay laugh. With varying expressions, the others agree.

Throughout the performance ghostly voices have been whizzing through the air. Up to now I have written them off as the mutterings of conscience and Culbertson in my own head, but now that all else is accusing silence I can dismiss them no longer.

It turns out that the J's have recently installed a broadcasting system in their nursery. Microphones dangle over the children's beds, so that the little victims, peacefully asleep, cannot have unannounced nightmares, pains in stomachs or midnight feasts. Theoretically the idea is fine—for very young children—(my own family, I suspect, would simply utilize the system for shouting abuse and then protest that they were talking in their sleep). In practice it has its disconcerting side.

The mikes, which according to the J's are adjusted on an extremely low, not to say



Horrockses "Penguins," a four-piece for the beach, consists of black piqué boned sun-top and jeans covered by a gay penguin-printed cotton skirt and a handkerchief square to tie round the shoulders. Marshall & Snelgrove Country Shops (Birmingham) are stocking it

Summer Preview by Mariel Deans



VITH every year that passes, cottons get earlier and earlier. Fashion editors have scarcely time to get their furs out of storage or to worry about buying Christmas presents, before invitations to beach-wear and swimsuit parades come hurtling through the post

THE general public is allowed to get over the January sales before being asked seriously to consider play-suits and sunfrocks, but now that February is here we feel a compulsion to join in this midwinter madness

N these pages, therefore, we offer you a collection of pretty dresses that you can wear now in Honolulu or, we hope, next June in Hove. They have been photographed in the South of France to increase the feeling of nostalgia and, we understand, they are all already in stock in the shops

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Linzi's multi-coloured striped poplin dress has a scoopneckline and a very full skirt. The black wool bolero that goes with it is banded with the same material as the frock. Harrods have this model.

CONTINUING-DIARY OF A LADY...

inferior, wavelength, nonetheless pick up not just the children's snores, snorts, burps, puffs, sighs and on occasion whispered song, but also mysterious voices wandering leaderless in the ether.

ow the J's have got used to the background noises but not, quite, to those produced by their own offspring. When a whining moan breaks loudly through the unearthly chorus a spirited argument bursts forth between them as to (a) whether it denotes infantile pain, terror, or merely passing thought, and (b) whose turn it is to go up and see. As these interludes usually take place just after one or other husband has said Four No Trumps, in hope of extracting a slam from his partner, it is not really surprising that towards the end of the evening both of them are patiently pleading, the velvet glove much in evidence, "but you must have remembered that the three of clubs was a maker!" or else muttering philosophically: "Well, at least we weren't vulnerable."

Oddly, both Elaine J. and I, though on occasion we can both play with what it would be immodest to call brilliance, seem to be incapable of keeping up for long that soaring arch of concentration essential to the Bridge



Evening: Perhaps, fundamentally, we still regard bridge as being Only a Game, after all.

THE evening has made me more than usually interested in knowing whether our bridge is an expensive luxury or whether it all works out in the long run as cheap as the cinema. Yet to write down one's winnings or losses in a little book at the end of the evening seems, somehow, so earnest.

Altogether I suspect that our generation and the next think and talk too much about money. In my childhood we weren't supposed, for instance, to badger our parents about pocket money. It is very different with my children today. Pocket money is demanded with the implacability of the gas account—and far more frequently.

And fantastic ingenuity is shown in thinking up additional wind-raising projects. L. the other day showed quite ruthless imagination. Being at the gap-toothed age and finding herself temporarily short of the ready, she was discovered busily working away with a piece of thread tied at one end to a door handle and at the other to a tooth. It wasn't a loose tooth—it wasn't even the right kind of tooth to come out at her age. I said so, dismissing her and the incident with slightly puzzled toleration. Until it suddenly occurred to me that there is a convention, immemorial in many families as in ours, that when a tooth comes out without parental assistance or fuss, the cash reward is

-Diana Gillon





J. Hollander

Summer Preview

YELLOW and white striped cotton frock by Susan Small (on the opposite page) has a particularly pretty bodice showing clever treatment of the stripes. The triangular kerchief can be tied round the shoulders or worn as a head-scarf. Woollands of Knightsbridge have this dress

HESRO'S tea-green Tootal linen dress (above) has a bodice trimmed with appliqué knots of the same material. With its neat V-neck, short sleeves and straight skirt, this is a useful town summer dress and provides something in which to work as well as to play. Debenham and Freebody are the stockists

The TATLER and Bystander, FEBRUARY 3. 1954 194





These wonderful little expanding plastic nylon bags are just what is needed for the beach, a day in the country, or a shopping expedition. They will fold up into a handbag, or expand to hold everything you need from a needle to—well perhaps not quite an elephant, but very nearly. Price 9s. IId. from Woollands

Go down to the sea in Kleinert's new Viking fashion bathing caps, a d you will have a succes fou both in and out of the water. Here are "Gips." (with ear-rings attached), price 7s. 6d., "Sunburst," 8s. 6d., "Cockade." 9s. 6d., "Bouquet," 10s. 6d., "Flowering Leaves," 10s. 6d., and "Dairy Chain," 15s. 6d. Obtainable at principal stores throughout the country

SHOPPING

SUNLIGHT SEARCH

JEAN CLELAND says "Bon Voyage" to those who are off to the South of France, to bask in the sun and swim in the sea. Oh! what a beautiful holiday, and here are some things you will love to take with you



For the beach, a gay and trolicsome little striped cap with pointed crown and white fringe. Price £1 1s. For the evening, a distinctive little Indian handbag in purple velvet with gold kid finish, which can be had in other shapes and colours, from £1 19s. to £4. Also some fascinating diamanté jewellery, including triangular earrings. Price £2 12s. 6d. and £2 15s. Smaller ear-rings 30s. From French of London



"Fine fea is a smar the neck comes fi from Sim

make fine birds." A holiday MUST carf to cover the hair, or to protect om the hot sun. The one seen here a selection of Hermes silk scarves n, of Piccadilly, costing £6 10s. each



Dennis Smith

If you are planning for some golf while on holiday, be sure and take the "Golf Companion." This should prove a good friend on the course. Fitted with pencil and golf tees outside, and purse and mirror within, it has a concealed pocket to hold three golf balls at the bottom of the bag. Price £12 12s. From Bourne & Hollingsworth

BEAUTY

FOR LIGHTER TOUCHES

variety is the spice of life," then my life st be as full of spice as a cinnamon cake. lows in the evening, demonstrations in the morning, tea parties to watch the launching of new products in the afternoon. I career dizzily along to them all, trying out this and testing out that, sifting the chaff from the wheat and gleaning news that I hope will lead to better and brighter looks.

Breakfast was my earliest assignment lately, and this, besides being richly rewarding as regards news, was fun. While we of the press ate and drank heartily—speaking for myself—of sausages, bacon, scrambled egg and coffee, in the salon of John French, models paraded in front of us showing the newest-hot from the oven-hair styles.

E MTRA interest was given to the proceedings by the launching of a new product called "French Accent;" introduced by Père Auguste of Café Continental television fame—who gave an amusing little speech. "I think I was asked to come here today," he said, "because of my rich French accent, but whatever the reason, I am happy to be in a salon so dear to the hearts of women, and so dear to the pockets of men."

"French Accent" is the very newest way of highlighting the hair. It can be had in a variety of shades. Lightly brushed on to the hair, it gives an accent which is most intriguing. You can outline a streak, or touch a wave or a curl, and if you do not find the effect pleasing—which is most unlikely—the whole thing can very easily be brushed

The day after the "breakfast" party, I went to

see John French to get a little more inside informathings to come. I was particularly interested in his brush technique, in which the hair, instead of being combed out, is styled almost entirely with the brush. This, John French told me, creates, in his opinion, an effect that is soft, casual and very attractive. He likes it because it is more elastic, more pliable, and easier for the client to change, if, she gets home, she feels the need for some alteration.

s far as he is concerned, hair will be longer. A and fuller, which is another way of saying "softer and more feminine." "Women," he told me, "are getting tired of the short style which told me, has been in vogue for some years, because it looks 'mass produced.' They want a change, and the time has come for us to make it.'

With the thoughts of the South of France upper-

most—induced by the fashion pictures in this number—I asked him for his views as regards the effect on the hair of sun and salt water. Very hot sun, he told me, is bad for the hair, since it dries out the natural oils. If you are spending a day on the beach in a fierce glare, the hair should be protected, and the best way of doing it is to cover it with a *light* scarf. Tie it loosely so that the air can get through.

If the hair is naturally dry, apply a reconditioning cream the night before washing, and the next day use a cream shampoo. That is if you are doing the shampooing at home. If you are having it done in the salon, ask for a *Thermo Cap Treatment*. In this, the hair is divided into small partings and reconditioning cream rubbed into the scalp. When this has been done, the Thermo Cap is applied and

left for ten minutes during which time the heat allows the cream to scep well in. When the cap is removed, the scalp is given a thorough massage.

Never leave a bathing cap on longer than is necessary and before going into the water smooth a little brilliantine all over the hair. For this, the best choice is a cream or an emulsified brilliantine,

best choice is a cream or an emusined brilliantine, both of which are excellent for counteracting any drying effects.

Talking of bathing caps, I went to the London Casino to see the preview of Kleinert's latest styles, some of which I have had photographed for you. These are very colourful and jaunty and calculated—so the makers say—to turn all eyes in your direction. If the photographers who are wide affected. direction. If the photographers who crowded the stage to take photos of the models were anything to go by, I can well believe it.

-Jean Cleland



French of London shows his brush technique and the new "French Accent" highlighting designed to give a glint of glamour to the hair

GASCOIGNE—HARCOURT

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Mr. Crispin Gascoigne, only son of Major-General Sir Julian and Lady Gascoigne, of Onslow Square, S.W.7, was married to the Hon. Ann Harcourt, eldest daughter of Viscount Harcourt, of Stanton Harcourt, Oxfordshire, and of the Hon. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



WEATHERBY—PEASE

Mr. Christopher Nicholas Weatherby, younger son of Col. and Mrs. James Weatherby, of Stanton St. John, Oxford, and Miss Alison Beatrix Pease, second daughter of Major and Mrs. Philip Pease, of Sledwich, Barnard Castle, Co. Durham, married at Barnard Castle



RAFFRAY-SOUCHON

Mr. Claude Philippe Raffray, only son of Sir Philippe and Lady Raffray, of St. James's Court, London, S.W.1, was married recently at Leatherhead Catholic Church to Miss Marie Jose Souchon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Maurice Souchon, of Esperance, Mauritius



SPEIGHT-MITCHELL

At St. Mary's, Squires Gate, Blackpool, Lancs, Lt. Neville Speight, R.A.S.C., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Speight, of Blackpool, married Miss Audrey Mitchell, elder daughter of Mr. W. H. Mitchell, of Southport, and Mrs. M. K. Mitchell, of Squires Gate



VIGGOR-TITLEY

Capt. Raymond Viggor, The Northamptonshire Regiment, son of the late Mr. A. B. Viggor and Mrs. E. R. Carne, of Northampton, and Miss Pamela Titley, younger daughter of the late Mr. F. P. Titley and Mrs. M. Titley, married at St. Paul's, Nicosia, Cyprus

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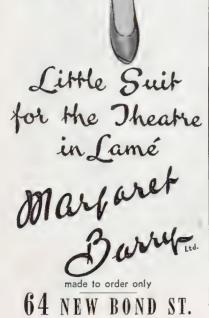
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MR. LUDOVIC KENNEDY talking to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ede, of the Folio Society, at the cocktail party given by Arthur Barker, Ltd., at the Ritz to launch Mr. Anthony Rhodes's new novel The General's Summer-house, reviewed here

Book Reviews (Continued from page 188)

DAY OF DISASTER

Richard is, in fact, our hero, and his adventures (many of them unsought) make exceedingly entertaining reading. Undergraduates strike him as queer fish—their vocabulary, outlook, tastes and peculiar garb are puzzling to the correct young regular soldier. Getting in (as we see him do) with the bloods of the Split Club does little good to Richard's bank account—nor, for the matter of that, to the scientific studies to which he purports to devote his time. An unfortunate day with the Drag terminates his romance with the Geteral's daughter, and leaves him not on the best of terms with his horsey friends. But, as against all this, Richard finds himself more and more transformed by the ancient classical spirit of the University, personified, to an extent, by Mr. Gabriel.

Mr Gabriel, that deep-dyed eccentric, increasingly grows upon the reader. So does the engaging Richard—whom Mr. Rhodes so sympathetically portrays. Enjoyers of this author's earlier novels certainly will not be disappointed in *The General's Summer-house*; in which we find, again, that light, true, satirical-lyrical sense of comedy. The time of the stay is 1938-9; but, as we know, our universities of the postwar years are continuing to thresh out problems which arose in the immediately prewar period.... We close with a pleasing picture of Mr. Gabriel whizzing up and dow, for the sheer joy of the thing, in his newly installed lift.

RIME waves are one thing, out-and-out crime syndicates quite another—happily, we are given to feel, for us! Ed Reid's THE SHAMU. OF NEW YORK (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.) is a study of the large-scale corruption which lies, or has lain, at the root of the politics of that soaring city. I say "has lain," because a series of probes and exposures give reason to hope that things may improve. Mr. Reid (who gained and must clearly merit the Pulitzer Prize) writes soberly, avoiding sensationalism of manner: his matter is sufficiently sensational. We learn of gambling rackets which undermined Brooklyn—in this case the rookies routed the bookies—of dope rings, waterfront outrages (crime gangs take a rake-off from river shipping) and of the façade provided by the garment industry for considerably darker activities. Also of the scandals turned up by the Vice Probe, in connection with Mr. Jelke, junior, now serving time.

Maña methods have been introduced into New York's crime world—many of whose big operators were Italy's gift to the United States; though there is also "the Jewish Mob." But what is really shocking is to learn how many of these hoodlums have bought their way into high places, how they have succeeded in making friends with otherwise irreproachable personages in public life, and the extent of the degrees thought does not also and the extent of the degrees thought does not be seen to be a succeeded.

life, and the extent of the damage thereby done.

The Shame Of New York was written with the intention of driving grim truths home to the simple citizen—one may guess it can hardly have failed to do so.

OODBYE TO BACCHUS (Arthur James, Ltd., 9s. 6d.) is a book by an ex-actor who, under the assumed name of Vernon Charles, describes his fall into alcoholism, his emergence, thanks to the help of "A.A." (Alcoholics Anonymous) and the work he has subsequently been able to do, for sufferers from his own former failing, in the clinic he now runs. This is an interesting and moving human document. Mr. Charles's style is occasionally over-emotional, but clearly he has his subject at heart, and it is evident that his main argument makes sense. One must respect this facing of a problem which none of us has any right to ignore, and which, in so many most tragic cases, an embarrassed, helpless silence often surrounds.



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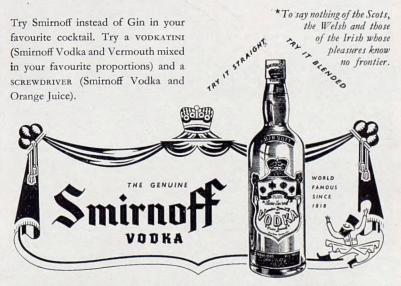
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The Englishman's Guide to Smirnoff Vodka

The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen* should share in the

pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.

- I. Smirnoff Vodka is a smooth palatable drink, no stronger than your Gin, Whisky or Rum.
- 2. Smirnoff Vodka is today one of America's most popular drinks, where it is used as the blending spirit for new and established cocktails as well as for long drinks.
- 3. Smirnoff Vodka makes a most attractive drink taken straight "à la Russe," especially when accompanied by savouries.
- 4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.



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You seem to know a great deal about it!

You remember I went to South Africa last year. I happened to meet a man who took me round the wonderful Wineries there where millions of gallons were being matured for the British market.

How long do they mature them? The best wines are kept seven years at least before they are shipped. The South African Wine Farmers are determined—in spite of the demands from all over the world—to hold back and let the good stuff mature properly. You see their climate and soil are simply ideal for wine-growing, but it is necessary not only to produce lovely wine but, if you establish a name and reputation, to provide for keeping up the quality over the years.

These South African people certainly keep on improving their wines—especially their sherry. It's a credit to them.

That's what comes of selecting and maturing and waiting and keeping on doing that, and the longer it goes on the better the quality becomes.

I must say this is one of the finest Sherries I've ever tasted.

Well, keep on drinking the best South African Sherries and you will find the quality will astonish you."

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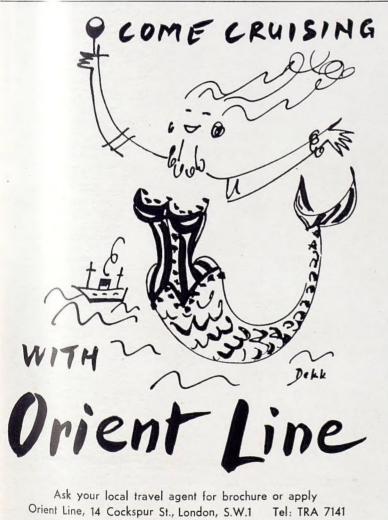


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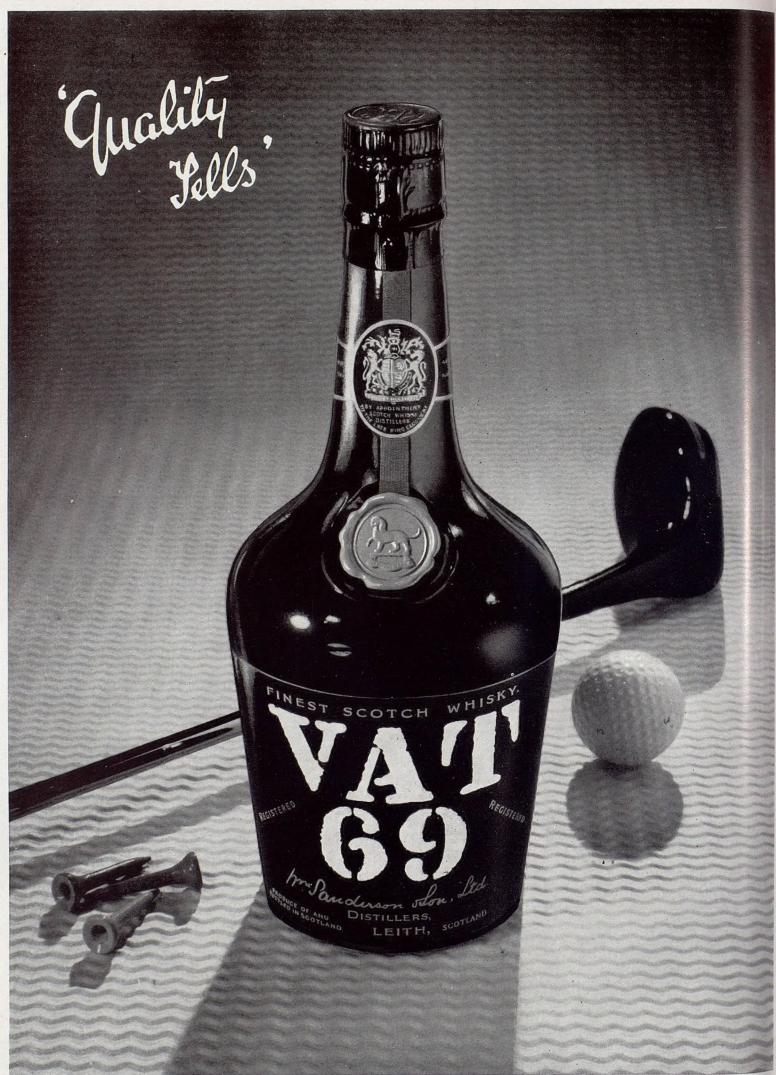
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